

# nightmares

*loser's club musical short  
stories - II*

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## nightmares by cynicalcryptids (orphan\_account)

**Series:** [loser's club musical short stories](#) [2]

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Fluff, M/M, Mild Angst, its there if u squint, mostly just sad and fluff

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Bill Denbrough, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Stenbrough - Relationship

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**Summary:**

where was he? why is it so dark? where was everyone? he didn't know the answer to any of these. he was surrounded by cold air, lonely - just like last time.

## nightmares

### Author's Note:

stenbrough; stan has nightmares about their fight with It, and bill is there to console him when it needs him the most; inspired by the song [holding out for a hero - bonnie tyler] from stan's playlist on the "itmofficial" spotify

\*\*\*i would HIGHLY suggest listening to the song while reading this

it was dark. there was an echoing sound of water dripping somewhere off in the distance. the air was cold and tense; stan's breath was caught in his throat. he took short, quick breaths, making him somewhat lightheaded. the atmosphere was unsettling, the hairs on stan's arms stood on end as fear rose in him. he couldn't tell his left from his right, and that just made him even more uncomfortable.

*where have all the good men gone, and where are all the gods?*

the scent lingering in the air was musky and damp; every step stan took was followed with a soft splash. where was he? why is it so dark? where was everyone? he didn't know the answer to any of these. he was surrounded by cold air, lonely - just like last time.

*late at night, i toss and i turn, and i dream of what i need*

there was a sound of footsteps. quick, like an animal, splashing through the water. stan felt his foot land on something on the ground. he knelt down and felt what must've been a flashlight, and picked it up, feeling for some bump around the sides. taking a breath, he clicked the flashlight on and his surroundings were illuminated. he spun in a circle, panic flowing through him as the light fell over the walls and bars of what he could assume was the sewers. once again, the sound of quick footsteps surrounded stan, and he whipped his head back and forth, trying to follow the sounds of splashing water. it was as if it was all around him, coming from every direction.

*i'm holding out for a hero 'til the end of the night; he's gotta be sure, and it's gotta be soon, and he's gotta be larger than life*

it sounded as if the splashing was getting closer. against proper judgement, stan took off on a mad dash in some direction through the sewers. all he hoped is that it was *away*, away from whatever thing was running around in the sewers with him. the adrenaline made his feet move faster than they ever had before, and eventually he didn't even know where he was anymore. a three-prong split; which way was safe?

*somewhere just beyond my reach - there's someone reaching back for me*

turning right, stan took off once more. nothing was stopping him; the light flashed back and forth as his arms swung quickly beside him. the blackness in front of him began to lighten, and his feet stopped moving as he came face-to-face with a grey brick wall. he turned to face the dark behind him, and he saw her. she was there again, and there was no escape. sharp teeth, disfigured body, she closed in more and more on stan, and he felt his legs give out and he dropped into the murky water. dark fog surrounded him as this thing came closer and closer. stan's hands rose to his face, and his voice ripped past his lips and he screamed as loud as his lungs would allow.

*racing on the thunder, and rising in the heat; it's gonna take a superman to sweep me off my feet*

"stanley!!" a pair of hands grabbed stan's shoulders as the curly-haired boy shouted, and stan's eyes shot open to see a blurry figure. he jerked away from the hands on his shoulders and kicked the blanket away, pushing himself into the corner of his bed. the figure disappeared from stan's teary eyes, and suddenly light flooded his bedroom. through the blurriness of his tears, he made out a tall, lanky figure who moved closer to him, and reached a hand out. stan flinched, and the hand fell to the bed. "stan, baby, it's j-ju-just me. it's a-alright," a familiar voice spoke, and stan felt more tears form in his eyes, and they started streaming down his pale cheeks. his vision came back to him slowly, and he made out the features of his boyfriend's face.

*i need a hero, i'm holding out for a hero 'til the end of the night*

bill lifted his hand to stan's face and his thumb swiped away tears falling down his face. stan's entire body was shaking; it was so cold, so tense, he could barely breathe there. the thought of it made more tears fall, and sputtered sobs began to rip from the shaken boy. concern came over bill's soft features, and he moved closer to his trembling boyfriend, wrapping an arm around his neck and pulling him closer. stan latched onto bill, his hands tightening and loosening against the fabric of his shirt, all while bill began softly running his fingers through his hair. "i-i-it's okay, i've got you. there's n-nothing that can get you," he cooed at stan, who just seemed to respond with more blubbery noises.

*he's gotta be strong, and he's gotta be fast, and he's gotta be fresh from the fight*

"i-i couldn't..go ah-an-anywhere, she was surr-ounding m-me with black, i-i couldn't move-" bill shushed his shaking boyfriend, rubbed circles into the side of his head, trying to do whatever he could to calm the crying. "th-ere's no one he-here to get you anymore, sh-sh-she can't get you anymore, stan." bill tried to lay stan back down on the bed, trying to not move from his grasp. he turned his lower half to face stan, and they both laid back down on stan's bed, all while bill still held him close. stan was still hiccuping, but the tears fell less, and his breathing was no longer short. bill ran his fingers through stan's curls, staying awake until he could notice that stan's breathing was normal, with no stutters, and had hopefully fallen back asleep.

### **Author's Note:**

so like, i wasn't crying when i wrote this, but my eyes were seriously stinging when i was reading this. man, my heart just feeeeeels the pain. in the song, where she shouts "it's gonna take a superman to sweep me off my feet," the scream in the song is supposed to be synched with stan's scream in the story, which is actually the exact part that inspired this story in the first place. anyways, kudos are greatly appreciated, and i hope you enjoy this little sad/cute thing. thanks for reading!

- croissant